

*A Rope Treble-twisted,*  
FOR  
JOHN TAYLER  
THE  
WATER-POET.

*Or Rather*  
For his Malignant friends in *London*, which  
make use of his *Name* to slander and abuse  
the PARLIAMENT, and well-affected party,  
in their Pernicious Pamphlets; and  
particularly,

Mr. JOHN BOOKER,  
a Man of known honesty, and one who scorns  
to Calculate for the Meridian of  
OXFORD.

*Snarle not, Malignants: If you doe, here's Rope  
Enough for you, and all that love the Pope.*



L O N D O N,  
Printed for G. B. Septemb. 28. 1644.

JOHN TAYLOR

WATERBURY

For the Management of the  
Business of the Waterbury  
and the Waterbury  
and the Waterbury  
and the Waterbury

M. J. O'NEILL

Waterbury, Conn.  
and the Waterbury

1888

Waterbury, Conn.  
and the Waterbury



A Rope Treble-twisted,  
FOR  
IOHN TAYLER  
THE WATER-POET, &c.



Here is another vile Pamphlet come abroad under the name of *John Tayler*, the Title running after this manner: *John Tayler being yet unchanged sends greeting to John Bocker. &c.* Now you must suppose that this Pamphlet came from *Oxford*, or from some such desperate place, that dares owne a Treasonous Calumnie against the *Parliament*: But I am confident, that if you wander through those many confused sheets of audacious *Anticures*, or those infinite other pernicious Papers, the very vomit and filth of Malignant Presses, throwne at the very faces of the most High and Sacred Senate in *Christendome*, and you shall finde that this peece of Ribaldry framed in *London*, (I dare boldly say in *London*) hath cut-stript them all: For whereas others have delivered themselves more mysteriously and closely, yet plainly enough; this wretch is more down-right than any, and spirts his venome most contemptibly, without feare or wit. I petition *The most High and Honourable Court of Parliament*, to take this into consideration, and give order that enquiry be made concerning the Author and Printers. It is supposed that the Author of the many-leav'd Pamphlet called *Sacra Nemesis*, should pen it: But whosoever it be that made it, it is evident enough that a *London* Presse sent it abroad: I shall name nobody, lest being fore-warned they be fore-armed, but remaine in silence till a fit opportunity.

This I have said in earnest; but because it is good now and then in these sad times, to be in jest; we will suppose that very *Knave*, not merry *Knave*, *John Tayler*, to be the Author, and that it might be Printed in *Oxford*, though it be known it was in *London* very fealty, and madly, and odly, and

ugodly penned and contrived. For it seemes this Fox, this *Daniel* in the den, this Scar-crow *Jack Tayler*, strives not so much to clip Mr. *Bookers* credit with his Popish Sizzars, as to wound the Parliament, and all those that are well affected to their Cause and just Quarrell. First he calls the Parliament, *A mere Conventicle*, or *not the shade of a shadow of what it should be*. My Masters, is it not time to look about us, and visit our new *Oxford* in *London*, I meane the Viperous Nursery in *Aldersgate street*, and her Sister in iniquity upon *Holborn-Hill*? It seemes the *Belialists* have left off prying into the Controversies of *Purgatory*, and *Limbus Patrum*, and the reconciling of *Luther*, and *Calvin*, to *Bellarmino* and *Maldonat*, Protestantisme to Popery, the Church of *England*, to the Church of *Rome*, and undertaken another *Bellum Episcopale*, a warre with paper-pellets against honest Mr. *Booker*, in the behalfe of *John Tayler*, the Water-Poet; or rather in the behalfe of Poperie: But how can they hope for successe now *Canterbury* their Reverend Father in — *halter* is like to be hanged? He thinkes his very *Diary* should be enough to convince the veryest *Steeple* in *Ely* or *Peter-House*. Well, well, *Jack Tayler*, thou art a brave fellow; for thy Water-works being now of some standing in *Bolton's Library*, the Divines will ere long begin to quote thee; for they maintaine Controversies for thee already; but their false Comments are too too obiect and railing against the State, favour of scurrility and malice, than reason or wit: And on the other side, according to former custome, and the later *Maximes* of Parasiticall Theologasters, (one whereof was this; That it was better to be a *Spaniell at Court* for a while, than to *Kennell in a College* all ones life time) their flattering of the King, *Queene*, and Court in wicked wayes, is as shamefull and ridiculous as ever. But I must let them alone (it seemes) and sticke close to my Single Water-man in the Title page; for it seemes the best heads in *Peter-House* will amount to no more but *John Taylers*.

I will not aske you, *John Tayler*, of how long standing you have been in the Malignant Corporation of *Peter-house*; nor whether you are the Rat that was hanged lately in a Boat upon a pair of *Oares*, or the Ghost of that meanest of watery inhabitants, poor *John at Oxford*; but I perceive thy writing reliques of his Malignant spirit: Thou striveest to delude, and make us beleieve the King, the *Queene*, the Lords, (when I mention them I doe not reckon *Harry Permyne*) Clergy, University, Army, Magistrates, and Commons, are true Protestant pen-proofs. But why then was his Majesties Signet in a Commission to the *Irish Rebels*, to cut the throats of all true Protestants there; and another Commission sent to the Marquesse of *Ormond* to make a *Cellation* with those wretches, which to any man not void of senses and reason, did at the first and since also Experimentally hath appeared

peared most destructive to the Protestant Cause? For the *Rebells* by this meanes, have had leisure so to furnish and provide themselves, that they appeare now in the Field more in number, and better armed, than ever they could possibly have been. How can the *Queene* be pen-prooffe, after all these Murderings and Massacrings perpetrated in *England* and *Ireland*, by her Counsellors, wherein also she was and is a principal Agent, when as in the very height of her pompe and power, shee was neither pen-prooffe, nor tongue-prooffe, even amongst her owne Countiees and Parasites? How many drie jests have been broken upon *Her* and *Harry* on the Publique Stage? As, *I preshee where shall wee finde Jermyne?* — At the *Queenes Armes*; Adde to this the bawdy Songs sung ordinarily at Court, wherein *Hall* and *Mall* met to make Rime; and another beastly Song, not fit for a womans eares; which if any of that Sex can delight in, a man may guesse at the Constitution without Calculating her Nativity: And because now it is no time to dally, when they dare be so impudently abusive on the other side; as they unjustly charge us with many falsehoods most basely; I think it cannot be amisse to repay them againe with truth, though I intended for Honours sake, if there were any hope of returning, never to have put it to the common view: I will therefore Print, *Harry's delight*, the limber Gentleman (I meane) that rode away hence in Spanish leather bootes, with a little more haste then ordinary, having a Parliament Spurre in his Conscience.

## JERMYNS SONNET.

Poore take your Philters, and your Charms,  
 No Witchcraft like a Lovers Armes;  
 Nor any fond device to bind  
 So sure, as cling, and lie close w<sup>i</sup>d:  
 A certain Spell, that will Enchaunt,  
 Is, offer home, and keep the haunt.  
 Then Chymists, out upon your trash;  
 Your letter-coniur'd Balder-dash,  
 Your Amulets, charm'd braceless rings,  
 Valued with the Crownes of Kings;  
 Your Calcin'd parcels of dead men,  
 Sperme caught from Cockes preending the Hen,  
 And us'd I know not how: Pull downe  
 Your Stills, and cease to cheat the Towne.  
 But let them stand to make Elixir  
 For us Madams that cry Quick-Sir,  
 Or you'll beare on it, because Watter  
 Shall find no difference in Men.

And will it not be strange alacke,  
 That since my Lord has a weak backe,  
 We may not diet him, or his Page?  
 I will put us all into a rage,  
 And make us take our Groomes, by stealth,  
 To breed base blood ith' common wealth.  
 'Tis fit (Sirs) then, you let them stand,  
 To keepe the Gentry of the Land  
 In able place, that they may serve,  
 As men of the more solid Nerve,  
 And strenuously goe thorow stich  
 Without a Lever at the breech.

I hope *John Taylor*, you will not be angry that I have broached this  
 peece of *Closet conversation*: I have printed thus much to shew you that  
 her Majesty is not altogether pen-proöfe: And I could also make a long  
 Discourse to shew you, that neither your *Parry, Clergy, University, Army,*  
*Magistrates, are Pen-proöfe*, because they are neither *Parliament-proöfe*,  
 nor *Reason-proöfe*: But my principall aime is to take notice of the ma-  
 ny villanies, and intolerable abuses, heaped up in thy vile Pamphlet against  
 the Parliament, and those that are well affected: But as you have a trick  
 of Vilifying such men; so also of Magnifying those of your owne partes;  
 though never so bloody and desperate. And therefore thou art in great  
 wrath with *Mr. Booker* for calling *Rupert* plaine *Rupert*, without addition  
 of *His Highnesse*, and for giving him the terms of *Saladine* and *Sarazen*,  
 which thou sayest are *Turkish Titles*; and therfore I say, they are the fittest  
 for him, who hath Murder'd and Plunder'd himself into a capacity for the  
 worst of Titles, to expresse his Cruelty.

Thou railest against *Mr. May, Wilbur, Britannicus, the Scout*, the poor  
 innocent *Dove*, and sayst that they are not able so much as to scratch or  
 touch thy reputation, or *Anlicus* and *Naworth*. Alas, thy reputation is  
 neither to be scratch'd, nor touch'd, it was lost long since upon the *Bank-*  
*side*: And as for thy Abettors in *Ely-house* and *Peter-house*, the wretched  
 unchurched Priests there, they never were in repaite any where but at  
*Rome*, and the *Courts* which (by none of the *Simplest Conversions*) might  
 ver, well have been called the Court of *Rome*: *Anlicus* has utterly lost his  
 credit both with friends and foes, in so basely belying the busines at *Yorke*,  
 and setting them to make *Bon-fires* in *Oxford* for a victory, when the Ma-  
 lignant Forces were shattered into an impossibility of re-uniting, and  
 quite beaten out of the Field, which hath made the Planet *Mercury* very  
 dull ever since in his Influence, and given a *Quietus est* to *George Na-*  
*worth*,



worth, for ever daring to *Prognosticate* againe in the behalf of Ropery, Tyrenny, and Rebellion against the State. Thou sayst that *Naworth* never knew of the Printing thy former Booke answered by Mr. *Boeker*; but that Pamphlet was part of the Fruits of hungry *Georges* old malice, inspired into thy detestable braines: And if thou shouldst falte, every *Centurian*, that is, every scandalous and Malignant Priest, that deserves a Name in another *Centurie*, can finde a Pen to Apologize for *Naworth*, and vilifie honest Mr. *Boeker*: But it is no small argument of his Integrity, to be ill-spoken of by thee, and them.

But I shall leave taking notice of any thing else in thy vile, base, and scandalous Pamphlet, besides that filth and venom which thou, (thou Countesse of *John Tayler*) hast vomited out against the Parliament. I much wonder that any Presse in *London* should dare to be defiled with such lewd, and abominable Ruffe, and with what confidence any durst write these words, under the Name of *John Tayler*, against the State. Your *Nirk* name Parliament doth not only maintaine and retaine a scattered heard of scribbling-villains, but also they doe allow most respect, favour, countenance and means, to him that can lie, raile, and slander most without face or conscience, if they were a Parliament, the Sacred Name and Honour of His Majesty should not be suffered to be abused so transcendently (beyond all precedents) but that they would by Law and Parliamentary Authority, send ye all to *Gregories market*, and feed Crows with your traiterous mischievous heads, and filthy, treacherous, rebellious, stinking quartered Carcasses thereof in Parliament. And then a little lower these words follow: But as they are, and the condition they now are in, they have no other way of supportation, but what proceeds from the blacke mouths of your zealous, Aristotically long-winded Preachers (or Tautological prating Lecturers) with the aide of your holy Tribe of accused Pamphlet-mangers: It is you that, with your spiritual and temporall damnable devotions, and infernall prattises, doe uphold the usurped dignity of that Idoll-Dragon-Senate, &c. Therefore it is no marvell, if they maintain you, for you are the onely props that uphold them: when you give over lying, then their Honour will lie in the dust, and when they fall you will begin dreges of serving: For as *Phocas* by the murder of his Master, the *Roman Emperour* (he gart the Empire to him self, but was hold in an odious estimation amongst all good men, so that his usurped ill-got Estate stood rustering, and his life in daily hazard (by the friends of the assassinated Emperour): at the same time, the *Bishop of Rome* (*Boniface*) ambitiously sought to be chiefe and Universall Bishop over all Christian Churches, which pride of his was opposed by all the Godly and zealous Bishops in the World: But at last the Murderer *Phocas*, and the aspiring Pope made a bargain, which was, that the Pope should by his dreadful thunder-bolts of Excommunication, affright the people into obedience,

with

with the Emperour, so the Emperour (by force of Armes) would bestow the Primacy of the whole earth upon the Pope; this match was made, and through significant application of it to this by argument, as Phogus rejoined, by the like right doth Bookers Parliament, and by the same right doth those former mentioned villains, and they may defend each other by murder, Sacrilege, Ambition, Treason, Rebellion, and ruins of this auspicious family, two flourishing, and now most wretched and miserable England.

Was ever such language as this wanted against the hopes of a Parliament! I once more petition that Honourable Assembly, that Order may be given, for the enquiring out the Author and vendor of this unreasonable railing paper; and I question not, but they will be quickly found out, to be made an example to others, who drive a trade with these; and such like pernicious Pamphlets; which usually sell so much the better, by how much the more audaciously they dishonour the Parliament. I thought Master Booker had set forth a Cordial sufficient to cure all their Malig-nities: But I perceive that the best Physick avails little without a Method and orderly course: Therefore upon better advice, it is thought convenient, that all desperate Malig-nities should be thus handled; first, because the Signe is in the Heart, let them bleed in the *Basillike* Veins, Afterwards,

*R.* Half an Ounce of *Spanis Figgs*, cooled at Court in an *Italian Skillet*.

Of the *quint-essence* of Cock-sparrowes, according to the *Queen Mothers* prescript, one scruple and a halfe.

Gelly of Harts-horne, of *Serapins* owne making, one Dram.

Protestant Religion, *Rose and Branch*, and *White-Hall-Chapel* full.

Plundered *Penny-Royall*, one bagfull.

Of *Time*, no lesse then Three yeeres Rebellion in *Ireland*, and as many in *England*. *ana.*

Bayle these in as much as you can get of His Majesties tores of Repen-rance for blood-shed, over an *Oxford* Bon-fire, the length of a Cathedral *Lesson*. Then frame with the Cape of *Cortimerus* Cloake, and as length season it with a graine or two of *Northens Newes*; and so make a cleere purging Potion: Let every Rabbinic and stupified Malignant, that is troubled with a Congelation of Popery in his Braines, drinke three ounces of this with due observance, and I question not, but it will purge so effectually, that their bodies will ever hereafter, be the better prepared for Master *Bookers* most comfortable and wholesome Cordial; the use whereof I will command unto them, at most convenient, after this so necessary a Purge.

FINIS.